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sented to the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Portsmouth by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, in 1850.

From Southsea Common the fleet at Spithead forms a very pretty object in the landscape. A new regulation has recently been introduced with regard to ships coming into port. Formerly the ships were "paid off," and the crews sent ashore, their pockets full of money and their heads full of anticipated "sprees" on shore; and then, after having squandered all their wages and ruined their health by a continued course of debauchery, they were left helpless, friendless, to seek another ship or starve. Now, however, instead of being paid off and discharged, a fortnight's leave is given them to go ashore, and six months' wages kept back, both as a security for their returning to the ship, and as a fund for them to fall back upon when all the rest is gone. Some of the sailors like this alteration; but we fear the majority—reckless fellows as they nearly all are—have a very different idea. One man we spoke to seemed to think it a great hardship to be compelled to go back to the same ship again. He said: "You see, sir, after a three years' cruise or so with the same shipmates, we knows too much of one another." A true sailor's longing for change! Another improvement—a far greater one, perhaps, than this—is the establishment of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, where they can live while on shore at a most reasonable rate, and have all their money and clothes taken care of for them, instead of their being driven to the frightful dens of infamy where so many of them, until now, passed all their time as long as a single shilling remained in their possession. This Home was established a few years back by charitable donations, and has been found to work admirably.

But to return to Southsea Common. One of the most general sights to be seen here is the exercising of the different regiments stationed in the town, who go through the various military manœuvres on the common, accompanied by their full bands, some of which play very beautifully. Another sight, of a very different kind, but one not without its interest to the thinking mind, is also frequently to be seen here. We allude to the gangs of convicts who are employed in improving, levelling, and draining the common. We never see these wretched outcasts of society, led out in gangs like horses or oxen, no longer free agents, but taken to work whether they will or not—labouring, not to obtain a future good, but to extenuate a by-gone wrong committed;—we say we never see a gang of convicts, without an irresistible desire springing up within us to try to fathom the mind that lies below the fixed, sullen look that every face wears—to think what each man's feelings are. One pair of eyes meets ours, and is instantly cast down; we think we see almost a blush rise to the convict's face. He is a young man, and we feel that man may yet perhaps be reclaimed. He passes, and a second comes, whose fierce frowning brow speaks plainly of defiance: every man's hand is against him—his hand shall be against every man. He hates society; for he has wronged it, and society has punished him. Another we fancy a mere animal; he does not care. He gets his food and lodging—he got no more by stealing: what matters where he is? He doesn't care for people staring; let 'em stare—they don't hurt him. These, and a score more varieties, we are sure we have detected. But enough. Portsmouth is a great receptacle for convicts, several hulks being situated in the harbour. These, however, are now nearly empty, a new convict-prison having recently been erected in the town, capable of containing a thousand convicts. To this prison convicts are now sent, instead of to the hulks. A large number of them are employed in the Dock-yard, the Gun-wharf, and other public places, attended, wherever they go, by sentinels with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, thus rendering escape impossible.

But we will leave the convicts to their labour, and pay a visit to one of the establishments we have just mentioned—the Gun-wharf. The Dock-yard would require an article to itself. The Gun-wharf, as its name implies, is a vast storehouse for artillery. From this place the guns are shipped off to all the vessels as they require them; and here, when ships are laid up in ordinary, their guns are brought and stored away until again required. Wherever the visitor turns his head, long rows of cannon, of all conceivable shapes and sizes, are arranged side by side, presenting a singular appearance as they gradually diminish in perspective. Immense pyramids of cannon-balls, shells, etc., piled upon each other, are to be seen ranged around, some of the piles containing upwards of 20,000 balls. The shots used in the naval service, to be seen at this establishment, are of all sizes, varying from 3lb., which is the smallest, to 96lb., the largest. Then there are Turkish cannon-balls (taken in battle), made of solid granite; Chinese shot of different kinds; French, Spanish, and Portuguese cannon; and various descriptions of guns and shot from other countries. But, perhaps, the most interesting object (not a pleasing one, for the whole atmosphere of the place seems redolent of slaughter) is the Small Armoury. Here are shown all the varied instruments employed by civilised humanity to knock each other's brains out, cut each other's throats, or blow each other into atoms by means of "villanous saltpetre." It is a distressing thought how much ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of instruments of destruction. Well, well, standing here, surrounded on every side by muskets, swords, and bayonets, it is not for us just now to moralise on war. An evil we know it to be—a hideous, unmitigated evil: whether a necessary one or not—that is the question. We will leave it unanswered for the present, and only say that, if it ever should come near the English shores, there is ample preparation for it.

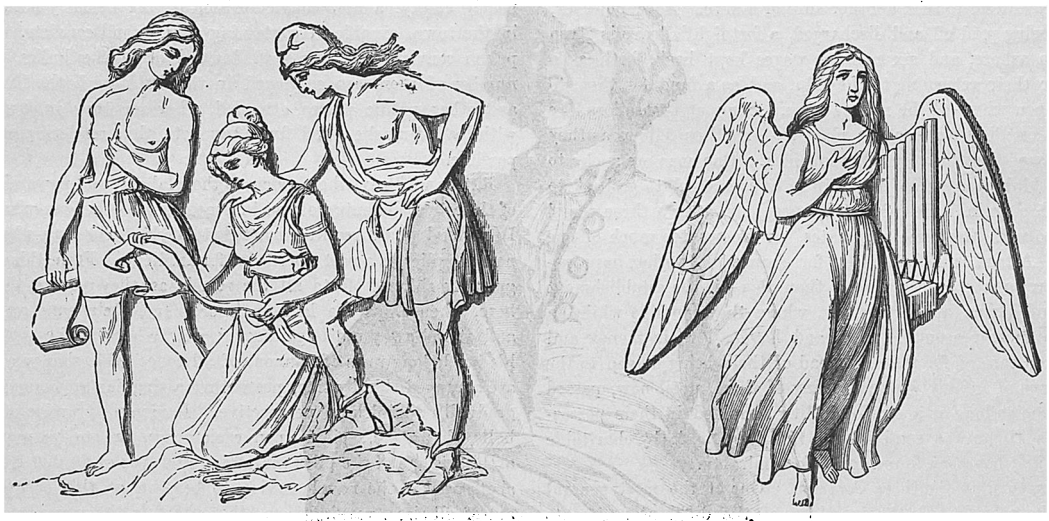
MOZART.

This eminent composer, one of the greatest musical geniuses of the last century, was born at Saltzburg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756. His father was sub-director of the chapel of the Archbishop of Saltzburg, who in those days was also a temporal prince of the empire. In the intervals of leisure afforded him by the duties of his office, he gave lessons on the violin, and taught the rules of musical composition to a select number of pupils. He was also the author of a work on the violin, which was held in much esteem in his day, and may still be referred to with advantage by students of the divine art. The musical taste and talent of the father were transmitted to the son, who, before he had attained his third year, evinced his aptitude for music by the delight which he took in the lessons on the harpsichord, which his sister, four years his senior, received from their father. His great pleasure was to find *thirds* on this instrument; and, when he succeeded, he expressed his joy in the most exuberant glee.

The sensitiveness which is the almost invariable accompaniment of genius, and which was very acute in the case of Mozart, was manifested at a very early age. "Do you love me?" was a question he frequently put to those about him, as soon as he began to talk; and, when ironically answered in the negative, tears filled his eyes immediately. The ardour with which he applied himself to the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, and the interest which he took in his studies, were extraordinary for his age. "While learning the elements of arithmetic," says one of his biographers, "the tables, the chairs, even the walls, bore in chalk the marks of his calculations. And it may not be irrelevant to state, what we believe has never yet appeared in print, that his talent for the science of numbers was only inferior to that for music: had he not been distinguished by genius of a higher order, it is probable that his calculating powers would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice."

The powers of application and memory were possessed by the child in a remarkable degree. The easy minuets and simple lessons which his father taught him at four years old, more to amuse him than with belief in his ability to master them, were each learnt in about half an hour. Soon after he had attained his sixth year, he astonished his father by composing a concerto for the harpsichord, methodically and correctly written; this was shown to several professors of the art, who pronounced the most favourable opinions, their only objection being that it contained too many difficult passages. He afterwards composed some short

pieces of music, which his father noted down; and it is to be regretted that none of these early productions have been preserved. The encomiums which these compositions elicited determined the elder Mozart to cultivate the musical talent of his son, and also to introduce him as a prodigy at the courts of the German princes. He first took him to Munich, and the favourable reception he met with there from the elector of Bavaria encouraged him to proceed from thence to Vienna, where the wonderful child performed before



BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALTZBURG.

the emperor Francis I., who was as much delighted with his vivacity as amazed by his proficiency in music.

In the year 1763, the family made an extensive European tour, and passed several months in Paris, where the child-musician performed on the organ in the chapel-royal, before the king of France and all the court, and gave several public concerts, which were well attended. From Paris the Mozarts proceeded, in the following year, to London, where they remained until the summer of 1765. Here also he exhibited his talent before the royal family, "and

BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALTZBURG.

underwent," says the biographer quoted before, "more severe trials than any to which he had been before exposed, through which he passed in a most triumphant manner." During this residence in the British metropolis, he composed and published six sonatas, which he received permission to dedicate to Queen Charlotte. "Of Mozart's infant attempts at music," says Dr. Burney, "I was unable to discover the traces from the conversation of his father, who, though an intelligent man, whose education and knowledge of the world did not seem confined to music, confessed himself unable to describe the progressive improvements of his son during the first stages of infancy. However, at eight years of age, I was frequently convinced of his great knowledge in composition by his writings; and that his invention, taste, modulation, and execution, in extemporary playing, were such as few professors are possessed of at forty years of age."

On taking their leave of the British public, the family returned to the continent; and while staying shortly afterwards at the Hague, six more sonatas were published. From the court of the Stadtholder the party proceeded to Paris, where the patronage young Mozart's talents received induced them to make a long stay. In 1768 they returned to Saltzburg, where Mozart, by desire of the emperor Joseph II., composed his first entire opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was highly commended by Metastasio, and also by Hasse, who was then in the zenith of his reputation. It was never publicly performed, however, and is now unknown; the modern standard of criticism cannot, therefore, be applied to it, but, in all probability, whatever merit it possessed was only of a relative character. He was only thirteen years of age at the time, and nearly twelve years elapsed before he produced an opera which has survived his period.

In the following year the Archbishop of Saltzburg appointed him director of his concerts; but shortly afterwards he accompanied his father to Italy, where he added largely to the laurels he had already won. The pope was so much pleased with him that he conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur; and while in Rome he gave a remarkable proof of his large concentrativeness and powers of

memory, by noting down the whole of the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, after hearing it performed in the pontifical chapel. At Bologna he was introduced to the celebrated Martini, who expressed the warmest admiration of his talents; and he was elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica. His second opera, "Mitridate,"

BRONZE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALTZBURG.—BY SCHWANTHALER.

was written at Milan in 1770, and performed twenty nights consecutively in the opera-house of that city. "Lucio Silla," produced three years later, had twenty successive representations; but neither of these operas has been reproduced in more recent times. Two masses for the chapel of the elector of Bavaria, an opera buffa, "La Finta Giardiniera," and some other works, were also produced in 1773. In 1775 he composed the cantata, "Il Re Pastore" for the archduke Maximilian of Austria, and in the course of the four succeeding years he produced several other works, none of which, however, though highly admired at the time, obtained the celebrity so deservedly acquired by his subsequent productions.

In 1779 Mozart rested from his wanderings, and settled in Vienna. He had now attained his twenty-fourth year, and contrary to what has been usually observed of juvenile prodigies, his genius shone the brighter as it became more mature. The society of Vienna was very agreeable to him, and he had not resided there long when he became attached to Mademoiselle Constance Weber, a young actress of talent

and celebrity, who combined personal attractions of the highest order with the most enchanting amiability of disposition. Finding his attentions received in a manner flattering to his hopes, he made her a proposal of marriage, which was courteously declined by the young lady's parents, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Animated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the fascinating actress, Mozart directed all his powers to the production of a work which should surpass all his former efforts. He composed the opera of "Idomeneo," a work which he always regarded as his best, and the first in which he displayed those masterly powers that distinguish his later productions. There are parts of great originality and grandeur, but some of the airs are too much in the style of that period, which has since become obsolete; and on the whole, it is inferior to those masterpieces of operatic composition which he produced a few years later. His own estimation of it may have been considerably influenced by the circumstances under which it was composed.

When this opera was produced, the principal character was personated by Mademoiselle Weber, who was as much interested in its success as the author, and may be supposed to have exerted her talents to the utmost. The success of this work added so much to Mozart's reputation, that the parents of the young lady made no more objections, and his genius was rewarded by receiving her hand in marriage. The union was a most happy one, the young actress proving an affectionate and warm-hearted wife, and a zealous and useful counsellor.

Mozart's next operatic production was "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" *(L'Enlévement du Sérail)*. It was at a rehearsal of this opera that Joseph II. said to the composer, "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears; it has too many notes." "I beg your majesty's pardon," returned Mozart, whom consciousness of genius had imbued with considerable independence of mind; "there are precisely as many notes as are necessary, and no more." The emperor made no rejoinder, but was evidently disconcerted by the reply; however, on the first public performance of the opera he applauded it in the most rapturous manner. "Le Nozze di Figaro," the *libretto* of which was abridged from the comedy of Beaumarchais, and which, at the present day, is one of the most popular of Mozart's productions, was brought out, by desire of the emperor, in 1786; and in the same year he produced a short opera called "Schauspiel Direktor," a work very inferior, and now scarcely known.

In the following year the *chef-d'œuvre* of this eminent composer, his celebrated opera of "Don Giovanni," the *libretto* of which was admirably made up from several dramas on the same subject, was produced at the Italian opera-house at Prague. "I have written this opera to please myself and my friends," said Mozart, who was conscious of its being a production of no ordinary merit, and above the comprehension of the bulk of the public. Indeed, though it created a great sensation at Prague, it was not appreciated when produced in Vienna, nor even in Paris, thirty years later. The honour of according it the reception it merited among the capitals of Europe, was reserved for London, where it was not produced till 1817, when it was put on the stage of the Italian opera in the most spirited and liberal manner. The enterprise of the lessee was rewarded by a degree of success which had attended no previous speculation; the profits amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds, and its production was regarded as constituting an epoch in our musical history. The comic opera, "Cosi fan tutte," was produced in 1790; "Die Zauberflöte," a still popular opera, in the following year, the strange *libretto* being furnished by M. Schickaneder, the proprietor of a theatre in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where it was first performed. "La Clemenza di Tito" was brought out the same year, on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II.

Of the symphonies, quintets, quartets, sonatas, masses, and numerous smaller vocal pieces of Mozart, we have not space for even an enumeration. His additions to Handel's "Messiah" would alone suffice to earn him a niche in the temple of fame, so refined and correct is the taste which dictated them, and so complete is the manner in which he has identified himself with the genius of the great composer. They were made for the Baron von Swiéten, and the oratorio has since seldom, if ever, been performed without them.

Men of exalted genius are seldom blessed with that robustness of constitution which marks men of inferior powers. The man of learning may attain a vigorous old age, but the man of genius does so very seldom indeed. It is a remarkable fact, that many of these delicate and sensitive natures have dropped off at thirty-six: Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, are cases in point. Mozart was strikingly handsome, but he was small and slight in form, and fragile in constitution. His health began to decline a few years after his marriage, and the tender devotion of Madame Mozart was then shown in the patient and unwearied manner in which she nursed and watched over him. Though his imaginative powers remained in full vigour to the last, his health continued to decline; but his end was undoubtedly accelerated by an attack of a fever which prevailed in Vienna in the latter part of 1792, under which he sank on the 5th of December, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The last and most sublime composition of Mozart was his "Requiem," which he may be said to have composed on his death-bed. Concerning the origin of this famous mass, a strange story was told at the time of his death, and has been often repeated. It is said that, some years before that event, a stranger presented himself to Mozart, and, refusing to reveal his name, commissioned him to compose a funeral mass. Mozart undertook the commission; but as time passed on, and he saw no more of the mysterious stranger, he did not execute it, and at length ceased to think of it. A short time before his death, it is said that the unknown appeared to him again as he was setting out for Prague, and reminded him of the undertaking. Mozart again promised to execute the work, and on his return to Vienna he applied himself to the task. The rapid decline of his health warning him of his approaching death, he became impressed with the conviction that the stranger was a visitant from the world of spirits, and that he was composing the "Requiem" for his own funeral. The manner in which this idea wrought upon his imagination contributed to the sublimity of the work, which was scarcely finished when he died, some minor details being subsequently filled up by his pupil, Süssmayer. Such is the story, for which we cannot vouch; probably there is some truth in it, embellished from the imaginations of those by whom it has been related.

Had Mozart lived a year longer, he would have made a second visit to England, having made an agreement with the enterprising Salomon to write symphonies for his concerts, and superintend their performance in person. He left two sons, one of whom adopted his father's profession, but without having inherited his genius; the other was many years in the civil service of Austria.

The statue of Mozart, represented in our engraving, was cast in bronze at Munich by the inspector-royal Stiegelmayer, from the model made by the sculptor Schwanthaler, and inaugurated at Saltzburg, the birthplace of the composer, on the 5th of September, 1842. The homage to his genius was tardy; but we have shown that his finest productions were not fully appreciated until some years after his death. Moreover, for nearly a quarter of a century after his death, the whole of Germany was the scene of desolating warfare, in the turmoil of which music was only cultivated so far as it could be made subservient to patriotism, and the claims of its departed masters were forgotten. The *fête* of the inauguration was a splendid and imposing one, worthy of the man thus honoured. The occasion had drawn to Saltzburg a great number of foreigners—princes and princesses, counts and countesses, composers, authors, and musicians—admirers of the genius of Mozart; and the musical academies of Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw, were each represented by some of their professors. More than fifty thousand persons were present. When the statue was uncovered, a salvo of twenty pieces of artillery was fired, all the bells in the city rang out a joyous peal, and an orchestra of six hundred performers filled the air with sweet sounds. At night, two thousand persons, professors and amateurs, assembled at the foot of the monument, which was illuminated by Bengal fires, and sang a hymn written for the occasion by Count Ladislaus de Serker, and set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. On the following day, at noon, two thousand eight hundred amateurs executed the "Requiem" of Mozart on the same spot.